

STOP THAT BACKACHE

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story.

Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness.

Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A TEXAS CASE

J. H. Lee, 412 W. Walnut St., Cleburne, Texas, says: "For four years I had intense pains through the small of my back. I could hardly raise the kidney secretions and morphine was the only thing that relieved me. I had begun using Doan's Kidney Pills and in 15 days I was cured. I haven't suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS. THE NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. THE NEW CURE FOR GOUT. THE NEW CURE FOR NEURALGIA. THE NEW CURE FOR MIGRAINE. THE NEW CURE FOR SCIATICA. THE NEW CURE FOR BRUISES AND SWELLINGS CAUSED BY ACCIDENTS.

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED. CUTLER'S BLANKET PILLS. LOW-PRICED. TRUSTED. PREPARED BY WESTERN STOCKMEN. BECAUSE THEY PROTECT WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

BLACK LEG

BLACK LEG. THE SUPERIORITY OF CUTLER'S PRODUCTS IS DUE TO OVER 17 YEARS OF SPECIALIZATION IN THIS BRANCH ONLY.

LUMBER

LUMBER. BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR LUMBER FOR BUILDING, GET OUR BID ON YOUR COMPLETE BUILDING REQUIREMENTS FROM DIRECT TO CONSUMER.

PATENTS

PATENTS. SOME WOMEN ONE CAN'T RESIST AFTER THE UNDERTAKER IS SUMMONED.

Putnam Faceless Dyes make no muss. Adv.

Even the changeable woman never seems to have sufficient change.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

No Choice Variation.

No Choice Variation. "Nurse, what is your patient's mean temperature?" "He hasn't got any other kind."

Important to Mothers

Important to Mothers. EXAMINE CAREFULLY EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA, A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN, AND SEE THAT IT BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF DR. J. C. FLETCHER.

A Definition.

A Definition. "Papa, what is a religious prejudice?" "The convictions of some one else my son."—Life.

Blow to Scientist.

Blow to Scientist. Professor Beaubroun was jubilant. "Ah, ha!" he cried, as he rested on his shovel. "Look what we have unearthed! I believe we have discovered the remains of some herbivorous amphibian of the order of pleisiosaurs!"

Solomon Not in It.

Solomon Not in It. Two old vagrants were discussing how wise the large-rimmed tortoiseshell mandarin spectacles made Magistrate Freschi look.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

CAUSE AND EFFECT. Good Digestion Follows Right Food. Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as dropping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of cause and effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

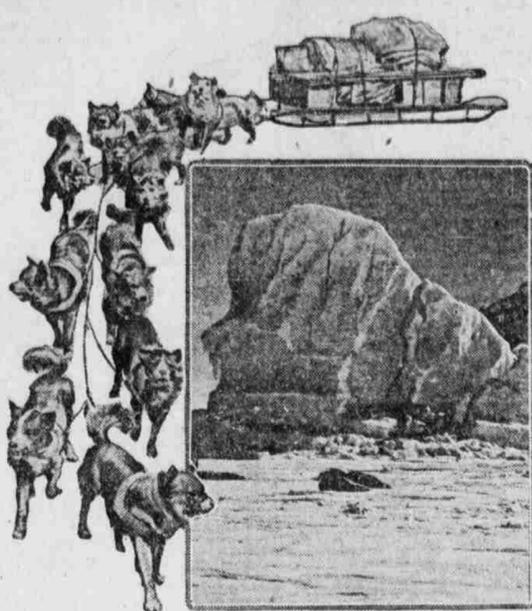
"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless.

"A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly and as a last resort, I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pigs. "There's a Reason."

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

ESKIMO DOGS ARE TREACHEROUS



TYPICAL DOG TEAM

TEN little mounds of snow were huddled close to a hut on the western coast of Hudson's bay when the sun rose over the surrounding wilderness. Far out from the shore the bay was frozen solid and over the ice and the land the gale whirled the feathery snow in great clouds. If there had been a spirit thermometer at the hut it would have recorded a temperature of at least forty degrees below zero.

With the first appearance of the sun, two swarthy men, wrapped to their eyes in fur, emerged from the hut on snow shoes and drew from out the kennel a long, low sledge on which was lashed a great load of skins. They were trappers about to start for the trading post some forty miles up the coast. From the front of the sledge—they call it komatik—extended for about eight feet a stout seal-skin strand known in those regions as a bridle. Clearly it was meant that draft animals of some sort should be attached thereto. But where were they? The trappers knew. Looking at the ten little mounds of snow, one of them called sharply, "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!"

The effect was curious. The ten little mounds moved, and then were transformed into as many dogs, which uncurled themselves, arose and shook the snow from their shaggy coats. Another sharp call and they came bounding to the komatik. Kicking and cuffing them, the trappers got them into the harness. To the loop at the free end of the bridle they buttoned the seal-skin traces, one of which extended over each dog's back, there to divide into two loops, which, after his front legs were thrust through them, joined over his breast. Now there was a great bull-bulalo, the dogs leaping excitedly about, tugging at their traces and howling with all their might as the trappers took seats in the komatik. The man in front had a whip of walrus hide fully twenty-five feet long. Out it flew with a resonant crack. "Whit! Whit!" shouted the driver. With a snarl chorus of howls the dogs bent forward, straining hard to get their heavy load under way, and then with a mad rush they were off, the varying lengths of their traces permitting them to travel together like a pack of wolves.

Gradually their pace slackened until it became a gentle trot. But on and on all day they went, following the coast line across frozen bays and the little necks of land that lay between them, their driver keeping them at their duty with his cry of "Whit! Whit!" and an occasional crack of the whip. Sometimes the trappers ran beside the komatik on their snowshoes to get their blood in circulation, and once in awhile they would have to help the dogs haul the komatik up a steep slope. Darkness was falling as they approached the end of their 40-mile journey. The dogs were tired and lagged more and more. The driver, chilled through and hungry, became savage in his use of the whip. But suddenly on their own accord, the dogs broke into a run, and again filled the air with their howls. The white-washed buildings of the post had come in sight. Faster and faster flew the dogs and, swinging the komatik dizzily around a point of land they gave a series of leaps and bounds, to draw up at the post with a great flourish that would have done credit to a fashionable coaching party.

Pigs in a Monoplane. "When pigs begin to fly," will no longer convey quite such a notion of impossibility, for at Hendon, England, the other evening a pair of them enjoyed a crowded five minutes of more or less glorious life in a Blériot monoplane, under the pilotage of Gustave Hamel. Mrs. Hart Davis was one of hundreds at the aerodrome to see famous sky-men perform for the benefit of Marcol Desoutter, the young Frenchman, who recently broke his leg in pursuit of the science of aviation. She had a couple of small black piglets with her, and carrying one under each arm, she induced Hamel, who has had dogs and cats as his aerial companions before, to give them a thrilling sensation. They squeaked a little, were photographed a great deal, and, amidst laughter from the group surrounding the yellow Blériot, off they started, and five minutes later down they came quite safely.

Social Courtesy. If we quarreled with all the people who abuse us behind our backs, and

A hard worker of extraordinary endurance and indispensable withal, in the desolate regions of the north, where snow and ice reign throughout most of the year, the Eskimo or "husky" dog yet receives a bad name from the men for whom he slaves with no other reward than one slender meal a day and a bullet in the head when his five winters of service have worn him out. Extreme ferocity, cannibalism, treachery and cowardice are the charges brought against him. That they are not without their basis is proved by an incident bordering on a tragedy that occurred at post of the Hudson bay company.

Boy's Narrow Escape.

The four-year-old son of the agent, well wrapped in fur, left the post house one day to play about the door. With him was his faithful companion and protector, a big mastiff that the agent had brought from England. The huskies that composed the post team of sledges haulers at first had attempted to welcome the mastiff to their midst in the very literal sense of chewing him up; but, by dint of giving two or three of the pack a good mauling, the mastiff had established it, once and for all, that he was not their meat. So now while the little boy romped in the snow the huskies skulked about at a safe distance. From out of the window the child's mother glanced occasionally to see that all was well.

Suddenly there was a commotion that sent the mother to the door in a frenzy of fear. One piercing scream had come from the child, to be succeeded by a riot of yelps, snarls and howls. The sight that greeted the mother was appalling. Her boy was down, with the pack of huskies tumbling over one another to get to him, while the big mastiff gallantly fought to save his young charge from their dripping fangs. The child, it was later learned, had fallen on a patch of ice and the huskies, ever on the alert for an advantage to attack, had set upon him in an instant. The big mastiff sprang immediately to the rescue.

Their lust for human flesh had overcome the huskies' fear of the mastiff; but while he could not save his charge from being shockingly bitten, his heroic onslaught upon the pack of maddened brutes prevented them from tearing the boy to pieces on the spot and thus enabled the mother to reach her child before it was too late.

The next day the frosty air about the post rang repeatedly to the reports of a rifle, and when, the usual silence that broods over the wilderness had been restored, 12 husky dogs lay dead in the snow. It was an act not so much of revenge as of protection; once a husky gets a taste of human blood, no person thereafter is safe in his vicinity.

Such is the treachery of the dogs that visitors are always warned not to attempt to pet them. Even if the dog you are stroking does not take advantage of the occasion to help himself to a mouthful of your flesh, the others are likely to imagine that a banquet is in progress and make haste to participate. A driver that slips and falls among the dogs while arranging their harness is lucky if the fangs of all of them are not buried in him in the twinkling of an eye.

New Definition. Success is a cocktail composed of our own strength and other people's weakness.

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INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Robbers Make Him Real Angry; He Beats Three

CHICAGO.—"Do you know how it feels to be held up and look down the barrel of a revolver within six inches of your face? Well, it makes me sure, sore all through—I get so mad I don't think of anything but just trying to get 'the fellow that tries,' and Am-brose B. Chadwick, who gave three gunmen the thrashing of their lives, doubled up his fist and shook it at no one in particular.

Three armed men held up Mr. Chadwick almost in front of his home at 711 South Hermitage avenue, the other night. The next minute they thought a wildcat had fallen into their midst. Mr. Chadwick received a split lip and a bullet hole through a trouser's leg. It is not thought that the gunmen will be able to put in much time at their trade for some time.

If you want to come through a holdup with flying colors here are several bits of advice offered by Mr. Chadwick in telling of his experience: "Train your mind to fear no man. 'If a man five feet from you points a gun and cries, 'Hands up,' don't hesitate to obey. 'If he holds the gun a few inches from you and you can see it, get hold of it—your grab for it will be quicker than his finger. 'As I was coming toward my house I saw these three men coming toward me. Just as I got to them the biggest fellow shoved a gun within six inches of my face. I was mad. Just as soon as I saw that gun, the thought went through me. 'You think I'm a fool, don't you? Well, I'll get you and I'll get you good, too. 'It was no more than leveled before I grabbed it with my right hand around the cylinder and shoved it up in the air. I'm left handed and when the next to the biggest fellow let drive at me with his fist, I ducked a bit and reached for him. I got a good grip on his neck. 'The third fellow started to go through my pockets, because the man I had by the throat and the other fellow were dragging me all over the walk, trying to make me let go. 'The little fellow quit trying to beat me and jumped in and tore my hands loose from the fellow's throat and then they all started to run. I made a move to go after them and one of them fired on me."

taxidermists Preserve Remains of Big Eagle

SPOKANE, WASH.—The remains of an eagle, not only the largest one ever killed in the Rockies, but one which played an important part in a romance of the Colville Indians many years ago, have been preserved by taxidermists of this city. The bird, with a spread of seven feet, is the property of Clair Hunt, allotting agent for the Indians on the south half of the Colville reservation, in eastern Washington. The eagle is credited by the Indians with having saved a man's life and thereby indirectly causing a double murder.

About thirty years ago two young Indians, twin brothers, fell in love with the most beautiful and attractive girl on the reservation. The rivalry existed for two years. Finally one captured the prize, much to the disappointment of the jealous brother. For several months the young couple lived happily in a tepee in the shadow of a cliff where the far-famed eagle's nest was located.

One day the brothers went to the cliff to secure eagle feathers. The married one, being much the lighter, was lowered to the shelf on which the nest was built. As soon as he was lowered, the scheming brother dropped the rope, hurried to the tepee and took the young bride and rode away.

From his high perch the Indian husband could see his bride being carried away. At sunset the old eagle returned and with a shrill scream swooped down upon the unwelcome guest, burying his talons in the neck and face of the despondent brave. The Indian, not caring whether he lived or died, grasped the legs of the infuriated bird and plunged over the cliff.

The bird and its human passenger floated to the valley and landed within a few yards of the deserted tepee. The big eagle soared back to his home on the cliff, while the young Indian mounted his cayuse and rode in pursuit of the brother who had stolen his faithful spouse. Late that night the enraged husband caught up with the runaway couple and in the heat of passion and jealous rage killed them both.

Final Cigarette Foils Elaborate Suicide Plans

SHREVEPORT, LA.—In a quiet ward at the City hospital, "Chris" Billa, swathed in a perfect bathrobe of gauze, made the unequivocal statement that he is through with cigarettes. "Coupons or no coupons, he is done with that form of dissipation for good, for, as he says, when a habit has caused all the trouble in a man's life and then upsets his death it is no longer a habit—it's a nuisance.

The other day "Chris" was as busy as could be along toward four o'clock in the afternoon. About half an hour before his wife, to whom he had not spoken in more than a week, had left the house, and before going had given him a general outline of what she thought of him. About the only portion of the outline suitable for present use was that he was a good cigarette smoker—and that let him out. As soon as his wife's voice died out down the street, "Chris" began to hustle.

He stuffed all the keyholes in the doors, pulled down the windows tight, wrote one of the saddest suicide notes ever written and prepared to arbitrate with his wife through the medium of the gas company. When everything was ready he turned on the meter and began to fuss around to select a position that would break his wife's heart on her return home.

He thought that if he put a wreath on his forehead it would look pretty fair and also considered sitting with a newspaper before him and a smile on his face, as though this was to him a most prosaic occasion. All the time the gas was ticking through the meter and the room was becoming more cozy.

"Chris" was still puttering around making up his mind about how to be discovered, when it occurred to him that he might be less nervous if he lit a cigarette and went about the matter with less excitement and more concentration. He selected a cigarette, found a match and lit it.

When "Chris" was found on the roof of the First Baptist church soon after the explosion his head was resting in a bureau drawer and his position was anything but grief-producing.

New York Engine House Dog Abhors Small Fires

NEW YORK.—This is not the story of "Hosco, the Fire Eater." It's the story of "Freckles, the Fire Fighter." Freckles is a dog. He's a fire dog. He is the mascot at No. 1 engine house. And he's a regular fire fighter, too. If you are skeptical, a call any time at the engine house will satisfy you, for, like the men of the Jackson department, Freckles is always on duty and will stage his fire eating exhibition any time.

The dog actually pouts out fires. He has a natural or trained instinct (the point is in dispute) to abhor fires, and a burning match thrown on the floor, pipe dumpings or cigar stub, or a purposely lighted piece of paper, will immediately arouse his ire. He looks at the blaze or smoke, as the case may be, a minute, then paws it first with the right foot, then with the left, until it is out.

Then he chews the "ruins"—cigar stub, charred paper or whatever it may be—and then ejects it. It is not an accident, either, as a test any time will show Freckles "on duty" and a fierce and aggressive fire fighter at all times.

Some of the men of the department say "Freckles," so named because of his spots, being a coach dog, fights fire naturally. Two men say he has been trained to do the unusual stunt. These men are George Kuhn and Paul A. Hagakke. They say George Kuhn and Paul Bagakke trained the animal. Anyway, he is quite a wonder. He is amusing and a real fire fighter, with one exception—he runs and hides when an alarm comes in. He refuses to do any fire fighting outside of No. 1 engine house.

When Women Vote. Church—I see Chicagoans are agitating for a new city charter. Gotham—Sure thing. You see the women are voting out there now and they think the charter should have a few frills and bounces on it.

Thought for the Day. He was one of those men, moreover, who possess almost every gift except the gift of the power to use them.—Kingley.

Present Tense. Gibbs—"I tell you, no one can fool my wife." Dibbs—"Then how did you get her?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE AMERICAN HOME



WILLIAM A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1327 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

This is a new modification of the old cottage house idea that is being built in some sections of the middle West. The low roof with a wide projection gives the house a different finish, a sort of plain, aristocratic neatness that everybody likes. The house may be built of wood, brick, cement or stone. It is often built of wood to the eaves and the gables plastered with cement mortar on metal lath. You can get five rooms in a cottage of this style and secure more comfort for the investment than you can get from a five-room, two-story house, and it looks well when nicely kept.

Generally speaking, cottages are now being built more than ever before, not that they are new, but because they may be cheaply built and because they are especially adapted to the suburbs and country places. The women seem to like a cottage house after they become accustomed to it, partly because it is easier to do the housework where the rooms are all on one floor, but at the same time, there is less excuse to neglect things. We have all had the experience of going through a house unexpectedly when the downstairs is neat and clean enough, but upstairs presented a very disorderly appearance. Profuse apologies usually accompanied such an excursion, but the fact is a woman puts off going upstairs to attend to the housework as long as possible. The rooms are out of sight, so that there is not the same incentive to keep it looking nicely.

Small cottage houses extend a strong invitation to American families to settle down and make a home in cities the practise of living in rented apartments is so common that the home feeling is sacrificed for the questionable advantage of being near the center of the city. This has led to the habit of moving from house to house, or from one flat to another until moving may be almost characterized as a national mania. The members of a family soon get tired of a flat on a noisy street in the city and they move into another flat in the vain hope of finding something more comfortable.

You seldom find among such people the contented home sentiment that means so much to the old-fashioned people we occasionally meet in country places, where they have lived for a number of years, in a permanent home around which the true home sentiment has grown and developed while the children budded into youth and blossomed into young manhood and womanhood. The divinest earthly heritage is a good, comfortable home, whether it be large or small; if it be well managed, it is the only satisfactory way of living. What I particularly wish to see is more little homes like this, homes for the common people, the ones Abraham Lincoln said the Lord must love because he made so many of them.

But even a small house like this cannot be made comfortable and homelike unless it is started right. In the first place cellar drainage must be looked to when the excavation is being made for the foundation. This is something you cannot well put in the contract, because you never know when commencing to dig whether you will strike the springy spot or not. In the country no one builds his house on low ground, and in town you have a sewer, but if you strike a spring or the indications of damp ground you can for a few extra dollars have a course of drain tile laid outside of the wall that will carry away any water that might accumulate. Then a plastering of cement mortar on the outside of the wall acts as a further assurance against dampness. One of the greatest annoyances in a house is a damp cellar. You can avoid it by a little personal attention when the house is being built, but it is hard to correct the difficulty afterwards.

Another advantage in a house like this is the ease with which it may be heated by placing a small furnace in the cellar. The furnace should be put under the dining room, near the big chimney; then six short pipes will carry the heat to each room in the house, including the bathroom and about five tons of coal will keep it warm all winter.

The size of the house is 41 feet in width by 25 feet in length, not very large on the ground for a cottage, still you get five good rooms and they are well arranged for convenience.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS

Egypt in 1912 exported onions to the value of \$1,920,357. In the last year one aviator was killed for every 62,000 miles flown. The largest roof span in the world is at St. Pancras station, London. There is a man in New York who makes a good living by buying worn-out rugs from dentists for the particles of platinum and gold they contain. Since 1870 the rocket type of life-saving apparatus has saved the lives of more than 9,000 shipwrecked persons on the coasts of Great Britain. It is estimated that 90 per cent of industrial accidents can be eliminated, 60 per cent by safety devices and 30 per cent by the proper training of workers. Rope-filled horseshoes, which pick up small stones and sand and present a rough surface, have been invented in Germany for helping horses on slippery streets. London's attempt to limit the speed of motor omnibuses to 12 miles an hour has proved impractical, as when they are geared for this rate they lack reserve power for hill-climbing and frequently cause blockades. The population of Ireland has been almost halved in 75 years. British manufacturers supply 90 per cent of the cycles imported into Japan.



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Considerably more than 400,000,000 people owe allegiance to the British crown. According to a French scientist, cysters can be kept for two weeks in filtered water without injury or loss of weight. The construction of a pipe line 220 miles long has enabled oil to replace wood for fuel for navigation and other purposes in the interior of Congo. A recent census, the first of the kind ever taken, credited Denmark, which has about one-third the area of Wisconsin, with more than 5,400,000 fruit trees. More than 240,000,000 barrels of petroleum were produced in the United States in 1913, a gain of about 18,000,000 barrels over 1912, which had been the record year.

Mrs. Harriet C. Adams is probably more versed in Latin-American affairs than any other woman in the United States, she having covered over 40,000 miles in Central and South America, reaching every country and many points before unseen by a white woman.

Light From the Earth. The darkest part of the sky is always glow. The earth itself gives off a lot of light. Scientists of the Franklin Institute have measured this earth light and have found that it is of the order of one-tenth part of the intensity of a star of the first order of magnitude. It is attributed, at least partially, to a permanent aurora borealis which is revealed by the characteristic green ray observed on obscure nights in the whole heavens.

Not Patented. Co-operation is the keynote in successful accident prevention work. Many large manufacturers who have designed accident prevention devices for their own use have not patented them in order that others may utilize their ideas. A large railroad company which has designed all of the accident prevention apparatus in use in its machine shops is willing to furnish blue-prints of the devices to those who desire to install them in their plants.

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